ENGLISH AS SHE IS WROTE. ARTISTES, ACROBATS, CLO MINSTRELS AND KNOCKABOUTS.

[FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

London, November 10.

Even more adventurous in style than the artists I quoted in a recent letter are the acrobats and circus performers, who fill a large space in "The Era" and in the world's eye. Our old friend Blondin was once thought remarkable in this way, but age has softened his diction, if not his muscles, and he is now content to be known simply as the Hero of Niagara and Chevalier of the Order of Isabella la Catolique. Do not alter his spelling. He is not in the air, for next to him comes Ella Zuila, Heroine of the Lofty Wire. Ella's diction, however, is but tame compared with the flights of Menotti, the Stockholm Wonder, the Greatest and most Sensational High Wire Ascensionist of the World. More lyrical yet are "Twelve Times we have appeared before the Prince of Wales and all the Crowned Heads of Europe." They are a little vague, the Dillons. It is not quite clear whether the Twelve Times include all the Crowned Heads, or whether there have been Twelve appearances before the Prince of Wales and Twelve before each of the Crowned Heads. But again they burst out: "The Prince of Wales applauded to the echo, and the above recalled Four Times." And again: "The Greatest Gymnasts living. Arrive in London quickly. Vacant November 12. Always Re-engaged."

Mrs. Catherine Adare will, perhaps, interest you. She is now appearing at the Circus Busch, Hamburg, in her wonderful Aerial Potpourri. Quite New. It is, indeed, and I am not sure that we shall find anything better than Aerial Potpourri. William Douglas, too, is a mysterious personage; he is Champion of the Norwegian Spar; which I can no more explain than I can Mrs. Catherine Adare's Aerial Potpourri. Together they would be irresistible. They might combine with Nestor and Aerian, the Worldfamed Gymnasts. Wenderful Double Somersaults What are these last, and what is it they catch? And what does the wondrous Marvello mean when he calls himself King of the Lamp? Messrs .- or should it be Mesdames? or perhaps Mr. and Mrs.-Marti and Julietta could, if they would, throw light on the Norwegian They are Norwegian Spar and Pyramidical Speciality Artists. This, too, requires elucidation. But whatewill you make of "The Beautiful Bohemian Girl, Ena, High Pyramid Ascenscionist. No Gas"? Is No Gas to be taken literally or figuratively?

The democratic tendencies of the age and Mr. Gladstone's preference of the Masses to the Classes have had no effect on The Craggs, who boldly announce themselves as Gentleman Acrobats. Their claim to this title rests, I believe, on the fact that they present themselves to an admiring public in costumes not unlike that worn by the American Minister when he goes to Court-dress coat and breeches and silk stockings. Fane and Fane are announced as the Acknowledged Risley Performers. Eske and Volier, rather more intelligibly, appear in print as Premier Athletic Experts. Many of these gentlemen and ladies are, as you have already seen, fond of the imperative mood. You come suddenly upon such admonitions as "Watch the Golden Stars, Tulla and Miaco, Gattis Palace and Hungerford until further notice." No doubt they are worth watching, but to watch them until further notice is hardly consistent with the dignity of a free egent and American citizen. It is only in this downtrodden and tyrant-ridden land that such I may ask your attention further to the fact that

there are Five Ethaerians, Novel, Classical and Refined Statue Specialty, also Marvellous Acrobatic Act. If the grammar be, as elsewhere, a little mixed, the sense is plain enough, and there is the authority of Moliere (or rather of one of his characters) for saying that he who makes himself understood speaks as well as need be. Then, at no great distance from the mixed grammarians and Ethaeriens, comes Srank Hayton as Daft Sammie. Nulli Secundus. There are the Great Athes, Sensational Acrobats. Re-engaged for Alhambra at a large increase of salary. There are the Van de Velde Trio, the Unparalleled Acrobats, Male and Female, Lady Slack Wire Walker, Contortionist, Poleandric Sprite, which seems almost as good as the Aerial Potpourri. Yet Alvo is England's Greatest Gymnastic Wonder, and Happy Ashby the Greatest Globe Performer in Europe He will introduce-for civilities are carefully observed-his Original Dancing Cousin. He has had much to make him Unhappy Ashby, for he has to add an N. B. " Brother Clowns, please not to copy, but study and invent something new for your selves." This is good advice, and like other good advice not too often followed. Ala, Ava and Aza show a higher spirit. They are " copied by many, defeated by none." How could they be? are Beautiful Young Lady Gymnasts, with Elegance, Grace, Daring; the prettiest Aerial Show travelling. They might pair off with those Gentlemen Acrobats, the Craggs. There is a Beautiful Bird Queen, Mlle. Tina, and a Cat King, Leoni Clarke, who would make, perhaps, an ill-assorted union. The Four Aubreys guarantee you Twenty Laughs in Twenty Minutes, and the Bonhairs Three Curtain Calls Nightly.

Among all these poetical persons there is one practical person who sticks to plain prose, Darby the Jumper, Champion Jumper of the World. He will do as many as Nineteen specified feats of jumping, all different. One is to jump over six chairs in one jump; another, over two chaireighteen feet apart. He is as good as his word and better. On Tuesday night he took seven chairs instead of six, and the two in one jump were nineteen feet apart. At the Aquarium, and this is the testimony of the eye-witness. He promises also (No. 14) " to jump thirty-six feet in three successive jumps, and in the third jump drop on a man's head whilst sitting upon a chair, and off again, without hurting him." This, too, I beheld, but whether it hurt the man whose head Mr. Darby dropped on I cannot say, for the man with the head did not tell us. Last of all, Darby " will jump any man in the world two jumps up to twenty jumps, either backwards, upwards, with or without weights, from \$250 to \$5,000 a side." No man came forward Tuesday night to accept this tempting proposal. All his jumps on the stage of the Aquarium were done with weights. Where is the champion jumper of America? There must be one, and he must be superior to Darby. Darby is only an

Cycle Trick Rider of the World. Holder of the World's Medal. "Other Titles are Bogus." After all, these heroes do not brag much more than Homer's did. The ladies, no doubt, have their bragging done for them by male agents. What invention these agents have; at least, equal to anything in Mr. Rider Haggard's "She," if not superior; and clearly superior in literary quality. She never did anything more remarkable than does Miss Ada Webb, P. S. A. and F. O. S., Champion Lady Diver of the World, and Empress of the Sea. Universally Acknowledged except by envious rivals, I suppose,) to be the most Graceful, Talented, and Unique Lady Artiste in the Tank ever Witnessed. What follows is simply thrilling. Miss Webb was "the first Lady to introduce Sewing under water,"-for the Naiads, possibly, in the hope of inducing them to wear ore clothes than heretofore. Lady that Smokes, takes Snuff, Singing, Answering Questions, etc. See her Graceful and Original Exit from the Tank." I wish I could; but the Graceful and Original Creature is resting for a week after a highly successful Seven Months' Tour. Too much smoking and snuff-taking it may be. I forget whether She smoked or snuffed. Let "Mr. Haggard's Henchman" come to the rescue of his heroine, and say whether he is prepared to back her against Miss Ada Webb. Miss linney has no chance; she is only "one of the finest Lady Swimmers in England."

Nearer to She, in some respects, is Mile. Senide, the Lovely Queen of the Desert, with her

Lions, Panther, and Bear, in the most mag-It is something to nificent Cage in Europe." be a Lovely Queen of the Desert; but what pride can a really high-souled creature take in being known as Champion Performing Monkey of the I say creature, because I cannot make out whether Slinker is a real Monkey, or a Man who does his best to imitate his (Darwinian) ancestor. Nor is to which department of the Animal Kingdom we ought to assign Carles, King and Queen of the Feathered Tribe. Nor what the Brothers De Courcy, Lightning Acrobats, intend by the remark that they are also La Perch Performers. The De Courcys were lately an extinct family, no longer to be found in Burke's Peerage, or in the Landed Gentry of the same author. It is pleasant to know that they have once more found a foothold on this planet, or, at least, on La Perch.

clowns and gymnasts. But I shall never have mittee. too long among celebrities of a single class. There by the Republicans on election day. The virtuous are others, many others, that deserve all the time editor made known his "find" to the Democratic we can give them. The Nigger Minstrel and Product. They, too, are Artistes in Language as well as in Song. You may begin at once with their own party so well that they feared if money once got affort there wouldn't be any Democratic votes to count. So they decided to capture the "correland's Culz Recognized Black-Feed Come." Nigger and sometimes not, are an American Aquarium while waiting for Darby the Jumper); at the rate of forty miles an hour. Faced Comedy Artists. When so many are each foremost, who shall decide to whom the apple shall be in the World, though a little out in their spelling, Committeeman in that city is a must surely have come from, or at least have mainly for the Masses.

ists, meeting with unbounded success and still Retained. Sweeney and Ryland are American "ar- bounded. tistes"; they avow it, or rather assert it. "The Originators. Constructed for Laughing Purposes. Will give Palles Forty-nine; play on top of a tram." pretty well run him off the variety stage altogether. The Two Macs, the Two Armstrongs, are money. the favorites of the Town; or were. The former made, Attorney Fleming was a sight for gods and you have with you in America. The Two Annmen. He roared with laughter, caught his breath,
strongs, "specially engaged for Seven Months at and roared again. Finally he brought out the the Alhambra," are the Champions of Irish Knock- hospitable bottle which is to be found in the house about Business," and professors of "playful ruflian- of every Indiana Democrat, invited his astonished ism in pantomime." Let the Two Maes come back to England if they hope to keep their proud primacy in Knockabout and in pantemime ruffianism.

America not only imports but exports Knockabouts, and Mr. Premier Mills himself has not yet mitteemen that he knew all about the \$300,000, be proposed to put a duty on either, or to take it off. The Three Carnos go the Two Macs one better; and | Eastern clients. It was for the purpose of making a they made "a pronounced hit" in New-York, tender for the Fort Wayne water bonds, and the Young and Reeves are Anglo-American Specialite further promoted by Alf Stevens and Will Kennard, who make not a pronounced but a "spon-editor, Chairman Brice and the Indianapolis Committee taneous" hit by introducing their Grand American Top-Boot Banjo Song and Dance. For the rest, their could not "sling ink" with Artemus Ward himhave quoted, I offer you a last one in a different every Indiana politician who reaches Washington, has manner. It was Lord Beaconsfield who observed that invective was an ornament of debate, and there is in this delightful world of song and dance and somersaults, where we have been visiting, a good deal of debate and some jealousy. You remember the Vital Spark, and you will hear with regret that she has Detractors. But she has an Agent and a Champion. He confounds the De tractors with facts and managerial certificates and other missiles, and then triumphantly asks: "Will the Bumbling Purveyor of inane doggral whose puny efforts to annoy those who refuse to purchase his garbage make a note of the above?" carnestly hope he will, and that we shall hear from him in answer to this sonorous challenge.

G. W. S.

A LIBEL ON THE YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.

From The San Francisco Chronicle.

But still the young housewife goes to market just the same and asias for things that do not exist and shows a lamentable ignorance of the anatomy of ant-mais and the inside of a cookery book. I never ate anything cooked out of a cookery book that was not bad. I think those cookery concetors make up receipts as musicians write music. They sit down and think of all the things that can be used as condiments and bases of disbes, and they just make the whole business up, and never try them even on a dog. Take a pound of flour and a bucket of water and a cupful of yeast and a half-pound of sugar, and a little lemon, and a tablespoonful of worcestershire sauce, Mix well, and stir for lifteen minutes. Add a glass of porter and a teaspoonful of lee cream; heat over a slow fire; and you will have something, heaven only knows what. The chances are it will be just as good as lots of things you find analyzed in a cookery book. But then I suppose you must have some vague idea about the succulent parts of animals when you go to buy meat, and the young housewife had very vague ideas indeed. She argued that a butcher should be able to give all the necessary information, not only as to the meat, but what to do with it, if he wanted people's custom. She did not propose to tax him too far. She knew what she wanted, but she did not know how to cook it. She went into the butcher's place,

"What can I do for you to-day, Mrs. — 19 said

tax him too far. She shew that she went into the butcher's place,

"What can I do for you to day, Mrs. — !" said the polite butcher, smilling as he chopped a lot of ribs of some defunct animal which may, heaven knows, have had aspirations and ambitions, hopes and fears and all sorts of things in its days of life.

"I want you to send me a nice shin of beef."

"A nice shin of beef."

It was a delicate situation. If he asked her again she would get offended and he would lose a oustomer. He chopped another few ribs up and said:

"Cortainly."

"And I wish you'd just tell me how to cook it."

Even for that the butcher was equal to the occasion. He sent her a nice roast of beef with instructions, and she came in next day and toid him that she had never seen or caten such a lovely shin of beef in her life. Some day she will find out her terrible mistake, but I dare say she won't mind.

A CAUTIOUS APOTHECARY. From The Pittsburg Dispatch.

From The Pittsburg Dispatch.

In writing out a prescription the other day a certain well-known Pittsburg doctor wrote aqua fontise-that is, spring water—in place of the more customary but equivalent term, acua pura.

The patient to whom this prescription was given took it to a druggist who had just gone into the business of putting up pilis and potions. The new druggist ran through the prescription and handed it back, saying: "You take that prescription back to Dr.—and tell him that he's put enough aqua fortis into that prescription to kill ten men."

Luckily for this village the druggist has retired from the prescription compounding field since then.

From The Boston Transcript.

One can imagine him in severe straits for a new way of putting the arrivals, and falling to hit upon a preity teim; and yet, in the bright lexicon of the enterprising youth of the press, there is no such word as fail. Just to show that the field of expression in this line is illimitable, the Listener submits some examples of hotel arrivals done in this way:

Colonel Elijah Pogram, of Frankfort, Ky., slept the sleep of a just man made perfectly mellow at Young's last night.

The Hon. Peregrine Pickle, en route from Washington to Podunk, Me., relaxed his six and a half feet of bone and muscle, and kicked off the comforter at the United States Hotel last night.

The Hon. Henry Q. Bent, of Barkester, N. H., folded the elegant diapery of one of Billy Park's couches about him last night.

The Rev. Auburn Hellwig, of Newport, R. I., bound in his sunny locks and lay down to pleasant ecclesiastical dreams at the Vendome last night.

Lord Beetem, of England, accompanied by his friend. Sir Cadley Bogus, Bart, alighted from his equipage at Parker's.

The Hon. John D. Short, of Hangham, reined in his

Parker's.

The Hon. John D. Short, of Hangham, reined in his foaming carpet-bag at the Tremout last evening.

Mr. Michael O'Finucan, Mr. Dick Swipes, Mr. Billy Singham, and several other gentlemen of perambulatory leisure, found a genial Amphitryon in Licatenant Instances of this sort could be multiplied indefinitely. Instances of this sort could be multiplied indefinitely but these are enough no doubt, to show that the thing instances of this sort could be multiplied indefinitely, but these are enough, no doubt, to show that the thing can be done.

TURNING A SWITCH FROM AN ENGINE.

From The Denver News.

A device has been invented which enables the engineer, when in his cab, to turn a switch which can be closed again from the rear of the train. It is operated in connection with the "central-throw" switch, and consists of a "sboe," which is dropped from the forward and rear trucks. This strikes a crank, which is overthrown and the switch closed or opened as the case may be. A switch left open carelessly may thus be closed by the locomotive while at high speed, or a train side-tracked quickly in case of danger.

GOSSIP AT THE CAPITAL.

THE THRILLING MIDNIGHT RIDE OF A DEM. OCRATIC COMMITTEE.

HOW "JOHNNY" MCSHANE WAS ELECTED TO HALF A DOZEN OFFICES-" GENERAL" UP-SHAW, BY G-D, SAH, A FINE OLD SOUTHERN GENTLEMAN - " JOE" BLACKBURN AND THE

Washington, Nov. 24.-Indiana people who have recently arrived in Washington bring the story of a thrilling railroad ride at the dead of night Indianapolis to Fort Wayne. The fame of Paul Revere and "Phil" Sheridan would pale beside this lightning journey of a Democratic committee, only that the heroes of it are taking great pains to keep it

A Mugwump editor in New-York City pretended that I pass with regret from Premier Grotesques and he had unearthed a huge corruption scheme on the Flying Trapeze Artistes and Pyramid Ascension-ists and all the rest of this worshipful company of who were associated with him on the National Com-The alleged discovery was that \$300,000 had done with "The Era" or with this letter if I linger been telegraphed to a bank in Fort Wayne for use National Committee. Chairman Brice at once made the Minstrel who is not a Nigger, or sometimes the wires hot with warnings to the Democratic Committee in Indianapolis. The Bourbons there knew England's Only Recognized Black-Faced Come- ruption fund" and hold it for themselves. A special dians, De Voy, Le Clerq & Co., or with England's train was chaftered a little before midnight, attorneys Premier Sable Comedians, Brown, Newland and were taken along with the committeemen, and a writ Wallace (dull dogs whom I had to see at the of injunction was drawn up as the train sped along or with Edwards and Kenyon, the Foremost Black- was at a telegraph station, where messages were sent most, who shall decide to whom the apple shall be awarded? The Bowry Boys, Funniest Comedians in the cold November morning. The Democratic must surely have come from, or at least have torney of some reputation. To his house the Indian-heard of, a thoroughfare in New-York reserved apolis delegation ran as best they could, for no carriages were to be had at the depot. In the case of Moore and Marson, neither color the castle, and after much trouble in convincing the nor locality can matter. They are Darkie Im- occupant that they were not burglars, were admitted. personators (with Dialect), High Class Expression- Fleming received them in his night costume, and as he recognized one after another his surprise was un

"What the devil does this mean?" he finally exclaimed.

Then the whole story was told him, and he was urged to dress at once and go with them to secure The Irishman runs the African hard; has the injunction from some Democratic judge, would see to it that the bank didn't pay out the While these hurried explanations were being visitors to "take suthin'," (which they did) and once more gave way to his mirth. Then he became

I will answer for it that Mr. Balfour shall not 6 o'clock train and get back home before anybody lock them up; not so long, at any rate, as they knows you've been here. I'd do it, too, if I were in

And then Mr. Fleming told the Indianapolis comcause the money had been sent to him by some of his business had to be done by telegraph. Young and Reeves are Anglo-American Specialities.

Artistes and Dancers. International Comity is but the person who tapped it had learned just enough but the person who tapped it had learned just enough name is Legion, and there is not one of them who took Fleming's advice and caught the 6 o'clock train self. If you doubt it, after all the examples I be exposed. But it was too good to keep, and now the version of it which was current when he left home.

> Nebraska," who won't be in the next Congress, is the here of another campaign story. Western Republi-Omaha Congressman was his party's candidate for was willing to spend some of his big fortune in carrying it out. His plan was to get the support of a cer-Politicians don't need to easy it is to figure out a majority if a certain percentage of gain can be kept up throughout all the election districts. To make a success of McShane's plan of campaign, it was necessary that he was such a decent fellow and it wouldn't affect the result anyhow, a large gain might have been made. men at every polling place in the State, who were, of course, paid for their time in peddling McShane " past ers" or "stickers," was full of promise. A million of these "stickers," more or loss, were sent out with McShane's name written on them. They were to be pasted over the name of Governor Thayer, who was

> the Republican candidate.
>
> On election night McStane and his Omaha friends were big with importance as they waited for the re-turns to come in. The voting being over, they didn't on the confiding Republicans just as he did when he overturned their majority and was elected to Congress. But their happiness was short-lived. The reports which began coming in showed large Republican gains, and Governor Thayer was running about even with his ticket. In no localities did he seem to be behind. The McShaneites went home puzzled. The only thing they could make out was that Thayer had been elected by an increased majority. Hence, they reasoned that their plan of campaign must have failed in some vital particular. In two or three days they found out all about it. They had the pleasure of knowing that the Hon. John A. McShane had received a large vote for various offices in different parts of the State, while his election to at least a score of local positions seemed beyond all doubt. The "stickers" had been used, and the men who had been hired to peddle them had undoubtedly earned their money. The trouble was that they had not been pasted over the name of Thayer, the candidate for Governor. The Republicans who were asked to give "Johnny a good vote" had cheerfully responded by using the ers" on the blank places on the ticket. McShane had the honor of being elected constable in a dozen premaster in three or four villages and justice of the peace in at least two places. A number of voters in one election district where great things were looked for from the use of the "stickers" had voted him "boss of the chumps." Now McShane's reputa tion as a "Napoleon of Politics" is gone. His friends suspect that the enemy knew all about the proposed stratagem and passed the word around to give him a good vote, but not just in the way he expected.

Millan, or, as he is generally known throughout the State, "Jim" McMillan, to distinguish him from his brother Hugh. The prospective Senator is fifty-one years old and is worth several millions, all of which he has made himself. He was born in Hamilton, Ont., and started in life in a dry-goods store, which he managed when he was seventeen. Hamilton didn't seem to offer scope enough for his abilities so he moved to Detroit and worked in a hardware store at the modest salary of \$15 a month. Scon after that waukee Railroad, and with John S. Newberry organized the Michigan Car Company. Since then his rise La been rapid He and his partner Newberry, it is laugh-ingly said, own about everything in Michigan that enator Paimer or General Alger hasn't a mortgage pany and a few other trifles of the same kind.

John S. Newberry, McMillan's partner, began life as a surveyor, practised law for some time very successfully and then joined forces with the smart Canadian owned by them in common brings them to the city in the morning. If McMillan goes into a new enter-prise as president, Newberry becomes the treasurer, and vice versa; and to enlist one partner's co-opera-tion is always to insure the other, whether it Mr. Newberry represented Detroit in the XLVIIth Congress, and McMillar was chairman of the State Central Committee in 1886. Now that the latter is coming to the Senate, Newberry, to even things up,

will probably be the next Governor. I hear that Perry Belmont's appointment as Min-

"General" Upshaw, the Tennesseean who has been the real head of the Indian Bureau under the Cleveand Administration. "General" Upshaw has for a long time been anxious to find a broader field for his restless ambition. When Oberly was made Indian ner, everybody said it was too bad, Upshaw would make life unhappy for him, and so on good Bishop Oberly was willing to smoke the pipe

plain that the Department wasn't big enough for them both. Then he resorted to diplomacy.

"General Upshaw," said Commissioner Oberly one day with insinuating deference, "why don't you go abroad? The Spanish mission is vacant; tiere's a fine field for a man of brains to straighten out our international relations. The President knows of your

of peace with his subordinate, but it soon became

The seed thus planted was dropped in fruitful soil.
Within a week, "General" Upshaw was a full-fledged candidate for Madrid. Before a fortnight had gone by, his friends were talking only diplomatic matters dinary and Minister Pienipotentiary. Now all this has been cut short, and I suspect that Bishop Oberly will yet regret his suggestion of a foreign mission because there are signs of an eruption on the part of the General which threatens to upset the whole In-

The General's title, it might be stated, would not having resort to fighting, and by the time he got have been dimmed by diplomatic service. It shines with a lustre reflected only on those who have the honor to be on the staff of the Governor of Tennessee The General is a stickler for his title. Once wh all the Southern Democrats were fresher in office than they are now, a local reporter was hunting some news about Indian affairs. As he passed along the corridors of the Interior Department he briefly inquired of the messenger at one of the doors:

Washington. He has been persistently written about as the "Hon." Joseph Chamberlain. Mr. Chamberlain is not an "Honorabie," or, indeed, an "Honourable." That is a courtesy title given to the younger sons of earls and barons and the latter's daughters. Sackville's daughters are the Honorable Misses West, Mr. Chambelain is a Privy Councillor, as all Cabinet Ministers are, and as such is a Right Honorable, but this title does not imply nobility. Mr. Gladstone, for instance, would hardly take it as a compliment to receive a letter addressed "lion W. E. Gladstone," but he would rather resent it if the "Rt. Hon." was not

John M. Allen, of Mississippi, was chatting the ther day with a "Star" reporter over the results of the late election, and, on being asked whether he thought the next House was going to be Republican or Democratic, was rather shy at first. At last,

"I feel like a converted receiver of stolen goods. I want to be honest, but I don't want to give up any-

The conversation continued for some time, but Mr. Allen was still unwilling to say definitely what he thought about the matter. Finally, he was asked pointedly:

cratic !"

Apparently ignoring the question, the Mississippian said: "Down in my town, some few years ago, there lived a man who owned a small two-story structure he 'kep' store,' and in the upper room he slept. One night the house was discovered to be on fire, and it was feared for a while that the for making any elaborate toilet. He just out of the window, clad only in a shirt that was more remarkable for its brevity than its cleanliness. should The devouring flames made short work of the house. the people in one neighborhood should not know that it was being worked elsewhere.

"'This is all I have in the world; I am utterly ruined-this is all I have in the world.' "He repeated this so frequently that it became wearfsome to more than one of those sensitive people who reside in Tupelo, and finally one of them yelled

it off, throw it in the fire, and start even with the world. "That," concluded Mr. Allen, "is about the fix

the Democracy is in just now. The Republicans have everything else, so they may just as well take our shirt too-it is only a very short shirt, anyhow.' "Pious 'Bishop' Oberly's recent overwhelming

anxiety about the Indian blankets furnished under contract reminds me very much," observed a late official of the Interior Department, " of a story which they tell about a couple of Atkins's and Upshaw's 'very hungry and very thirsty' Democratic appointees from the Sunny South. It appears that there was to be a very large distribution of goods to the noble red men' at a certain agency, and in discussing the approaching event the Indian Agent's clerk remarked to his 'superior' that 'he couldn't see where our bit av profet ca-a-me in.'

"'Well, you see,' rejoined the Indian Agent, 'we just distribute about ten per cent of the various articles; the Indians will be none the wiser, and the remaining ninety per cent will make a pretty tidy bonus for ourselves."

"'I begin to catch on,' replied the subordinate, and went off, apparently, perfectly satisfied. Early next morning, however, the clerk burst into the Agent's bedroom before the latter was up, looking resembled two burnt holes in a blanket.

". Why, Mike, what in the deuce is the matter with you?' queried his astonished chief; 'you look as had been up all night-drinking again, of

responded the indignant Mike, 'but it's sorra the bit av rist of've had this blissid night. Of've spint twilve long hours upan me sinful marrow-bones wrestlin' in airnist prayer wid al the blissid Sa-a-ints fur the onristful sowis of thim misbela a vin' haythin, An' doan't yez think, Boss, its a sha-a-me an' dis gra-a-ce to be wa-astin' that tin-per-cint upon thim tha avin, ondootyful an' bloody-molnded cyannibals,

respect Secretary Bayard may inspire in the bosom of his own official family or in the breasts of the various diplomats accredited to this Government, it must be equally gratifying to that illustrious statesman to know that he is appreciated with similar thoroughness by his former associates of the Senate Chamber. While Governor Porter, of Tennessee, was Assistant Secretary of State he appointed a particular friend of his to a subordinate position under him. When Governor Porter retired his friend became, naturally, somewhat worried about his prospects for retention, and his wife, who, together with band, knew Senator Harris very well, happening to meet the latter one day mentioned the matter to him, remarking that while her husband's salary in the State Department hardly represented immoderate and lordly affluence, yet it was quite important to from Tennessee, they tell me, listened coorteously until the lady had concluded, and then replied, with an unction which added considerable emphasis to his

many years and have sat with him in the Senate Chamber, where he was considered a good lawyer and an equally good legislator; but I really dare not venture to cross the threshold of the State Depart ment upon any such errand as your conversation would appear to suggest, for, madam, I consider Bayard to be one of the littlest big men I

Before this reaches you Senator Blackburn and "Judge" Rucker may have met on the bloody field

ister to Spain has caused acute disappointment to will probably be the first time that "Joe" Blackburg has ever figured in a duel as one of the principals though it is on record that he acted as a second or one memorable occasion at least. Assistant Post-master-General Stevenson is authority for the story, and he tells it frequently with great gusto.

I don't remember who were the had appealed to the code to settle their difficulties.
It is immaterial, anyway. Suffice it to say that they appeared promptly on the ground early one morning before the sun had risen, accompanied by their seconds and a physician. In deference to old established usage, the seconds went through the form of reasoning with their principals and endeavoring to get them make up their quarrel without a resort to arms. Joe" Blackburn was very eloquent; more so, indeed, than he had ever been in Congress-and that is say-

ing a sempt deal.
"Yes," fays Colonel Stevenson, "Joe was never more successful in his life, either." And then the Colonel stops as if the story had

come to an end; and of course his listener asks: 'Was no one killed in that duel?"
This is the time when Colonel Stevenson brings in

his point, as he says: Well, you see, the duel was never fought. I have already said the sun was just rising in the east when Joe Blackburn began to reason with his friend about settling the quarrel amicably instead of

west. And then, of course, it was too dark to fight." THE DUKE OF NORFOLK.

through the sun had see behind the mountains in the

SOME DISCUSSION OF HIS REPORTED EN-GAGEMENT.

From Cockaigne's London Letter in The San Francisco

of the messenger at one of the doors:

"Upshaw in?"

"General Upshaw is busy with his mail and can be seen only on important business. Have you a kyard, sah?"

"Oh, that's all right," remarked the reporter as he walked into the room." "Phil "Thompson and a number of other politicians were there, and the "General" seemed to be busy listening to their stories rather than in attending to his mail.

"Mr. Upshaw here?" said the reporter.
There was a dead silence for a few moments. Ther "Phil" Thompson pointed to a pair of boots stretched across the desk. There seemed to be an individual attached to them. Slowly the boots came down from the desk, a stream of tobacco was shot into a spittoon and the owner of the boots said with a severity that meant a great deal;

"Mr. Upshaw is not in."

The reporter looked inquiringly at "Phil" Thompson. Then the Presence attached to the boots said with dignity:

"General Upshaw is in, what do you want of me?"

The way in which Mr. Chamberlain has been titled by a large section of the American press since his marriage to Miss Endicott has caused a good deal of amusement to members of the foreign colony in the colon of the American press since his marriage to Miss Endicott has caused a good deal of amusement to members of the foreign colony in the colon of the American press since his marriage to Miss Endicott has caused a good deal of amusement to members of the foreign colony in the colon in the least care who the Duke of Noriolk is. Marry an American, and therefore, etc.

"Mr. Upshaw is not in."

There was a dead silence for a few moments. There is one than a mused and contemptions simile. They do not in the least care who they oung the house story is similar to ma

I may say that I take much delight in teasing her Under an affected civility of demeanor and deportment to Americans when she meets them, or is thrown in their company, there is concealed an actual—I will not say dislike exactly, but—haughty pity for them. From her plane they are so dreadfully inferior, so distressingly lacking in rank. Clever, insentions bright and able they may be—but, alast they are not gentlemen and ladies. She really believes this streets?

gentlemen and ladies. One really cerely.
So we are going to lose another duke," I said to

her the other day.

"Yes! And whom!" she asked.

"The Duke of Norfolk," I told her; "he's going to marry again."

"Dear me. It's not true, I hope. His first power wife was such a charming person. She was the daughter of Lord Donnington, whose wife became Countess to London in her own right. Fancy forgetting her so soon." I'm afraid it is true."

"I'm afraid it is true."

"And whom is he going to marry, I wonder? There are such lots of girls for him to choose from. There's Lord Salisbury. He's got a daughter left, I thinh; and the Duke of Northumberland has several. Or perhaps it's one of Lord Granville's girls. Lord Carnavon, too. But let me see. I'm afraid his last daughter, Lady Winifred, was married the other day. Who is it? I should say some nouveau riche, only that I know the Duke of Norfolk is himself too rich to make a mesalliance for money. Ilke some others. I recret to say." for money, like some others, I regret to say."

"It's none of these you mention," said I; "he's going to marry an American lady."

"What?" in almost a scream, followed by an immediate subsidence into a condition of supercliious disdain; "really, Mr. Cockaigne, this is too serious a subsident to toke along."

But I'm not joking. It's quite true. They say

she is a most charming lady."
"Oh! Is she poor thing?"
"Yes, and very beautiful and accomplis

"Dear me. How very nice. By the-way, have you heard that Lorid Alfred Tremayne has gone to the Riviera?"

"No, I haven't. But you don't seem to hear what I say. This American lady is very nice, and profity, and accomplished." No answer. "She will be quite an acquisition to English society."

"Really? Will she?"

"But you don't seem to realize. Lady Broomers."

"But you don't seem to realize. Lady Broomgrass, that she is to be the Duchess of Norfolk."

"No, I confess I do not. Let us talk of something

"But you don't mind—you are not angry at his Grace for preferring an American to an English wife!"

"Angry?" she answered, with her head in the air; "I simply don't believe it."

There is a class of persons in England who, without being of high birth themselves, follow all the ways and customs of those who are. They cultivate the birth class and excess themselves, in the same sent!

and customs of those who are. They cultivate the same ideas and express themselves in the same sentiments. I happen to know (among many others) a lady of this class who adds contemptions pity for Americans to her other peculiar and personally unsuitable ways, merely because she thinks it the correct thing she is the widow of an army officer, and therefore an adept at military "shop."

The following I overheard at a garden-party a couple a months ago: Mrs. Courtney (that is her name) is joined by Captain Blannerhassett of the Queen's Own Cameronian Fusileers.

"So your hattallon is going to Gfbraltar after all."

"So your battallon is going to Gfbraltar after all,"
e says, after they shake hands.
"Yes; but that's not as bad as the Cape. Poor
ek Rowley, you know him?"
"Rather. He's in the Bays, isn't he!"
"Hays. No. That's his brother Joe, Jack's in
e Scottish Hombardiers, and they've just got the
ute for Natal."
"I'm sure these must be

route for Natal."

"I'm sure there must be some mistake. I saw Major Dicer yesterday; he's on the stail at Aldershot, and knows, and he told me it was the second battation of the Buff Light Infantry that had been ordered to Natal."

Natai."
"Iv Jove, you're right, Mrs. Courtney. It is the limits that Jack Rowley is in."
"I thought I was right," and the widow gives a little squeal of satisfaction which she intends for a it doesn't really signify," says Captain Blenner-

"It doesn't reality signify," says Captain Blenner-hassett.

"I daresay you've heard that Henry Wilmot's engagement is announced! He's in the Rifles."

"No, I haven't. Who to!"

"An awfully rich girl. a Miss Garbage."

"American belress, ch!"

"Not by a little bit. She's an awfully nice person."

"Name sounded American, I thought."

It is worthy of note that the sout of treatment I have spolen of was not bestowed upon the reported intention of the Duke of Mariborough to marry an American laiv. The nobility do not care about the Duke of Mariborough, or what he does, or may do. He has been tried once as a marriageable man by one high-born English girl, and did not prove a success. The nobility did not want any more of him so far as a marriage was concerned. Besides, he is, compared we had the Duke of Norfolk, very "small potatoes." We all know pretty well what the Duke of Mariborough is. He has taken care to advertise himself very freely in every quarter of the globe. But beyond a very small circle the Duke of Norfolk is comparatively unknown. The title may be known, but the man is not. Therefore, a few words about not only the title, but the man, may not be out of place.

The Duke of Norfolk is a man of about the same age as the Duke of Mariborough. He is a small man, short in stature, and not otherwise than slight in physique. He is dark, with brown hair, brown eyes, and a reddish-brown mustache and straggling beard. He talks with a most pronounced lisp, yet he is an excellent public speaker, and is very pleasant to listen to. He is, on the whole, a very common-place looking man. But beauty is but skin deep, and after all, who wants ff in a man who is not either a circus-rider, an actor, an opera-stoger, or an atmy or navy officer. The Duke of Norfolk is, however, an Apollo compared with Maribotough. In reputation he is above and beyond reproach. He is a thoroughly good man. Scandal has never raised her blasting finger to point in that direction. No breath save of the highest praße has ever been blown toward hi

RULES IN A FRONTIER HOTEL.

From The Eeston Commercial Builetin.

In the hall and nafled in a conspicuous place was a board upon which was pasted a long and formidable set of rules that would have terrified any Northern visitor entering Helena for the first time. The following extracts from the rules I here quote from memory for the purpose of affording the reader some idea of the exact nature of the regulations of the hotel in question as they appeared in print:

Rule I.—"Gests must pony up 1 dolar and 6 bits before sinin the book."

"Short bits dont kownt heer. No nickels or koper sents taken.

"Short bits don't sownt heer. No nickels or koper sents taken.

"Gests will leve thar weepins so's they'l tot go off in the nite.

"Sope & towl will be found neer watring trof.

"No fitin or shutin allowed in the bed rumes.

"Gests must sine thare nams evry day & pay accordingly."

cordingly.

"Euny gest how isnt satisfyd with these rools must mosey or stand the konsquences."

PROFITABLE BETTING. From The Buffalo Courier.

From The Buffalo Courier.

Probably the best paying combination board in the city on the recent election was a sixteen-liner in J. W. McKay's, where people who were so formate as to guess that New-York and Indians were going Republican, and Counceticut and New-Jersey Domocratic, get \$50 cach for an investment of \$1.10. Sixteen tickols were bought on the line and certain individuals are said to be each the happy holders of several.

"THE AMERICAN PEERAGE,"

A SUPPLEMENTARY LIST OF AMERICAN

SOME TITLES THAT WERE OVERLOOKED

WITH FOREIGN HUSBANDS OF RANK. Washington, Nov. 24 (Special).—"The America Peerage" in The Tribune of last Sunday contains the names of 165 American wives of foreigners of title, in cluding only living ladies, but expanding the list suffi belong to titled families but have important civil or military appointments, Considerable as this list is, it needs many additions before approaching completen As it anticipates the marriage of Miss Belle Wils the Hon. Michael Herbert, son of Lord Herbert of Lea and Second Secretary of the English Legation here (no in Paris, as the list says), it might also have antici proprietor of the Pulmonic Syrup and Seaweed Tonic, and niece of Robert C. Schenck, Congressman, Genera and Minister to England, to the Duke of Villarsblane a Spanish grandee, with a title longer than his purse who is well-known on the Paris boulevards. It might also have anticipated the marriage of Baron Zedwitz recently appointed German Minister to Mexico, but til recently Secretary of the German Legation here, and Miss Caldwell, who gave \$50,000 to the Catholic Uni

marriage has not been made. Without speculating on the future, the writer of The Pecrage article might have mentioned Baroness whose husband has just been promoted from Secretary of the Brazilian Legation here to Brazilian Legation in Rome, is, I think, the brother of Sir Charles Elphinstone Adam, and if so, his wife, who was Mis Palmer of the Navy, is entitled to a place in the list

\$300,000, although the official announcement of this

The Tribune's "Peerage" mentions Mme. von Schweinitz, daughter of John Jay, formerly Minister to Austria, the wife of the Austrian Minister to Bus but it omits Mme. Hegermann-Lindencrone, wife he the Danish Minister to Italy, who was formerly Mrs. Charles Moulton, as well as her daughte the Dutch Minister in Rome, and Mme. Stuers, wife of the Dutch Minister in Paris. Mme. Westenburg was Miss King, daughter of Charles King, long president of Columbia College, and sister of Mme. Was wife of the French Minister in London; of Mrs. Eugene Schuyler, whose husband was recently the America Minister to Greece, Rumania and S rvia, and of General Rufus King, of the Army. Mme, Stuers was Miss Cary, a niece of the Astors. Another omission Rome, who was, I think, Miss Thorndike, of New

son, of Philadelphia, who married the English in that city, but not of Countess Calli, Miss Roberts, of Philadelphia, who married the Italian Consul in that city. The daughter of George V. N. Lothrop, Minister thold Hoyningen Huene, first lieutenant of the here are a good many other American peeresses not in The Tribune's list, some of whom have be Count di Montcalleri, of Italy, on October 10, and on the 29th he heat her in a hotel in Paris so that he screams brought the proprietor and many guests to her room. On account of the scandal the Count and Countess had to leave the hotel, and they started to gether for their castle on the Adriatic. The Duchesse d' Auxy, of Belgium, was Miss La-

mar, a cousin of the Associate Justice, who last year was godfather at the christening of her son. Her first lately been trying to get her share of the estate from the executors. Countess Amadel, of Italy, was Miss France, was until a year or two ago Miss Alice O'Don roll, two of whose daughters are mentioned in last Sur day's article. The Carrolls have been in the habit of marrying into the nobility. The three Misses Caten, known as the "Three Graces," nieces of Charles Caroll, of Carrollton, became the Duchess of Leeds, the Marchiopess of Wellesley and Lady Stafford. Countess Esterhazy, also mentioned, who has made her home in Sarah Virginia Carroll, and Countess Heussenstam, also Nevertheless, Mr. O'Donnell did not admire foreign marriages, and sought unsuccessfully, by a testamen tary inhibition of his daughter's going abroad till she had reached very mature years, to prevent her from marrying a foreign nobleman. Baroness de Baigne ter to France, and, I think, a full sister of the late Mrs. Joseph E. Johnston. She is also a relative of Mrs. James Brown Potter (Cora Urquhart).

Stephen, of New-York. Countess Cibo was Miss Walker, and Baroness von Fickson was Miss Smith, of Philadelphia. Baroness Friedberg, born Mattet, of New-Orleans, got a divorce from the Baron and then added her own name to her title. Baroness Hirsch and Marquise Chasselouf-Laubat were the Misses Piles, of New-Orleans. The Marquise di Lanza, of Italy, is the daughter of Dr. Willam A. Hammond, of New-York. Lady Gore Owsley was Miss Van Ness, a sister of Mrs. James Roosevelt. Baroness Quartorze, of Belgium, was Miss Gordon, of Ohio. Baroness Scherbriel was Miss Nivin, a niece of William H. Vanderbilt; she had previously married a man named Mitford and got a divorce from nim. Baroness Salvador was Miss Norman-Kimpson Haight, of New-York, Marchioness de Valori was Miss Ledoux, of New-Orleans, sister of Baroness Alfred de Brin, of Paris. Countess de Vaulx was Miss Dillon. of St. Louis. A daughter of Story, the sculptor, married Signor Simeone Peruzzi, first Chamberlain to the

King of Italy. foreigners are to be included, the list must be con-siderably prolonged. Last year Miss Camille Berghmanns, daughter of Mrs, Macallister Laughton, married Senor Pedroso, and the daughter of Senator stewart, Mrs. Fox, widow by divorce, married Senor Jose de Romero y Dusmet, attaches of the Spanish Legation. This fall Miss Barry, of Baltimore, mar-ried Secretary Akabane, of the Japanese Legation. Miss Grace Shaw, of Baltimore, was married a year ago to Captain Ferrall, Master of Horse to the Nizam of Hyderabad. Some other wives of foreign army officers are Senora Bettini, wife of a Ptalian Heutenant, who was Miss Dalsy Abbott, a New-York heiress, and Mme. Renaud. wife of a French captain, who was Miss Even, of Georgetown. As the list mentions Mme. Clemenceau. It ought to have included Mme. Ribot, who was Miss Burch, of Chicago. One of John Lothrop Motley's daughters did not marry a nitle-Mrs. Brinsiey Sheridan. The other two are Lady Vernon Harcourt and the Hon. Mrs. Mildmay, who were both mentioned. One daughter of General Meigs gets into the peerage by marrying Count Nefray, but the one who married Mr. Archibald Forbes has a husband of much greater distinction. Last year Mr. J. R. Blackle, of Glasgow, married a daughter of Major H. F. Botts, of Savannah, a nlees of President Arthur. The only son of Robert Browning recently married Miss Coddington, of the United States, whosy sister had previously married an Englishman. Mrs. Campbell Boyd. of England, who was Miss Josephina Livingston, of New-York, is trying to get a divorce. In the case of Captain Alexander McMahon, R. A., and his wife, Miss Luse, of this country, the English courts held that an American wife of an English husband must get an English divorce to make her separation legal in her husband's country. Mrs. McMahon got a Colorade divorce and married again, and the English courts gave the captain a divorce on the ground of his wife's adultery. General Trevino, of the Mexican Army, married a daughter of General E. O. C. Ord. Mme. Degoliado, of Mexico, was Miss Jordan, of this country. The wife of Colonel de Palieres, of France, was Miss Bregs. of New-York, Mrs. Beavor-Wobb, wife of the English yasht architect, was Miss May, of this city. Miss Sarah J. Smington, of New-York, married E. Colton Carter, a distinguished amateur athlete in London. The daughter of the eminent protectionist, Judge Kelley, is Mrs. Wischnewetzky, of Germany, and she rec Miss Grace Shaw, of Baltimore, was married a year ago to Captain Ferrall, Master of Horse to the Nizam

"HIS LORDSHIP." BISHOP COXB. From The Buffalo Courier.

From The Buffalo Courier.

A worthy Canadian professor of Trinity College, Toronto, following the custom of his country, following the custom of his country, following the custom of his country, for the following the title "lordship" to Bishop Coxo, who, at the close of the professor's remarks, humorously declined the honor of a title which has no existence under our republican form of government. The bishop at the same time told a story of how an American though in a contrary kind of way, landed himself in a little difficulty in the Dennision.

A citizen of our own fair city," said the bishop, was summoned to a court somewhere on the other side of the Niagara River, and he persisted in calling the judge, who was a distinguished jurist, 'Sir,' 'Sir,' whereupon the jawyer who had employed him as a witness, cautioned him to be careful and say 'my lord.' In desperation the witness exclaimed, 'I can't say my lord, Mr. Judge, I can't talk the year Britishera.'